

The STUDENT'S PEN



MARCH
1943

March, 1943

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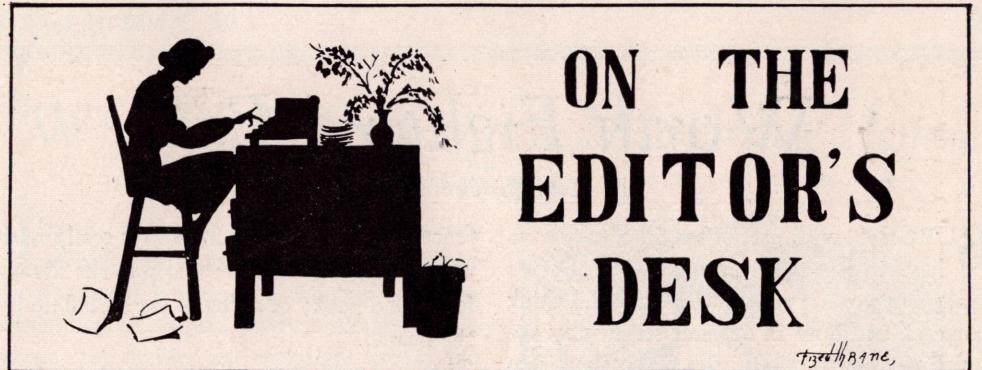


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P. H. S. RECEIVES THE MINUTE MAN FLAG



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

Teddy Bearne,

Do It Now

By June Parker

ALL too often, we hear a sigh accompanied by the wistful remark, "I wish I'd done it sooner." And after hearing just so many such remarks uttered by others and also ourselves, we stop, perplexed, to think about human nature.

People, regardless of race or color or creed, are quite alike in many respects. For all people know what pain and disappointment are; all people know what song and laughter are. We really should not feel like foreigners in any country of the world, for everywhere we are surrounded by people with the very same emotions as our own. Everywhere, there are people with the same good points, the same bad points. Everywhere, unfortunately, there are people like ourselves who say, "I'll do it tomorrow." We wonder why it is that even after unpleasant experiences which are results of our putting off our duties, so many of us still persist in saying, "I'll do it tomorrow."

All of us put off a great many things. Sometimes the little things we fail to do cause us many unnecessary upsets later on. Perhaps it's the stocking we didn't darn when the hole was small; maybe it's the letter we didn't write when we had a chance to; perhaps it's the birthday card we postponed mailing and finally forgot to send. These insignificant "put-offs" are seldom given a second thought. BUT, sometimes that unwritten letter weakens a friendship; sometimes, that undarned

stocking gets a run at the worst possible moment. And then we are truly sorry.

It is unbelievable, but all too true, that our "put-off" habit hampers America's war effort! How often we hear somebody say, "I haven't time, now, to buy a war stamp. I can get it tomorrow." Or we hear this common remark, "I'll start saving tin cans next week; I have too much to do this week." And then we hear the person who says, "Oh, Johnny has another month of training before he is sent across. I'll write to him in a couple of days."

But tomorrow comes, and we forget what we said the day before about buying that war stamp. And then there are more tomorrows; and our soldiers, with limited ammunition in the steaming jungles of Guadalcanal, wish they could sleep and never see another terrible tomorrow. But still our tin cans clutter up our cellars instead of being turned over to Uncle Sam for "Our Boys." And we, in our safe homes, say thoughtlessly, "I'll do it tomorrow."

Of course we all want a short war. Yes, yes, we are praying ardently that our brave fighters may come home soon. We want Victory as soon as possible, but we've got to work for it. We must, must vow not to "put off till tomorrow what we can do today!" And we must keep in mind these inspiring words: NOW written backwards spells WON!

Worth Fighting For

By Mary Elizabeth Cozzio

SURGING with patriotism, all of us say we have to win this war; but why? Do we really know what we are fighting for? I think some of us know in a small sense why we must be able to choose the peace that is to follow.

Small children laughing at play; boys hurrying to a baseball game; girls exchanging the latest gossip over their "cokes" at the corner drug store; classical music sharing its place with popular music; the grocery boy whistling merrily on his way; schools serving equally boys and girls of all races, color, or religion; these are some of the things that play an important part in the life of an American boy or girl.

An older person enjoys the feeling he receives from a cheery "hello" shouted across the street; the daily chats across the backyard

fence; a helpful neighbor, always ready with the needed cup of sugar; a trip to the library for a good book; or a dog or cat curled up by the hearth.

A rocking chair by the window, from which he can watch the world go by; a garden ablaze with color; a feeling of security; a peaceful country scene; these are some of the things an elderly person appreciates.

All of these things seem worthwhile. I believe that we are fighting that these things may be preserved—that future generations may enjoy them as previous generations have. Truly this present war is being fought so that some things which we have taken for granted will have a place in the world of tomorrow. These are worth fighting for, and we will fight for them until they are assured.

The Common Objective

By E. A. Walak

TEARS of joy filled my eyes as I stood at her feet gazing into her serious face; I realized how exceedingly happy and thankful many Americans in uniform, dispersed over this universe, would be, too, if they could be where I was. That immense statue in front of me was the Statue of Liberty.

Suddenly I realized that dearly beloved lady was not only casting her eyes upon me, but upon a great number of United States servicemen also. Yes, as a matter of fact, mother and I were about the only persons who were not in service that were visiting the statue. How dearly she must regard all those men in uniform in particular! Had none of them ever seen the statue before? Certainly some had. Then why were they all looking at her with new eyes?

I sought a clue to help me understand

the purpose of those servicemen visiting the Statue of Liberty, but the conversation of two United States Marines made everything concerning their visit clearer than moonlight to me. This is what one said: "It's funny, we've both been living in New York City all our lives yet today is the first time either of us has actually visited this statue. It took a year's fighting abroad to make us appreciate what that guardian means and stands for." Their speech revealed to me what must have been in the minds of all the other servicemen. Their flocking to the Statue of Liberty when they could have been enjoying themselves elsewhere proved to me they all had but one objective in mind—"Liberty for All above All." Let us on the homefront keep this same objective imprinted in our minds till victory is won.

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When Johnny Comes Marching Home

By Doris Costine

THROUGH the gathering dusk they swung down Main St. with the easy care-free steps of youth—the tall boy with the camel hair jacket and newly whitened saddle shoes; the slender girl with light brown hair curling softly on her shoulders, and crisp, yellow dress that swirled out at each step. They weren't hurrying; they weren't holding hands.

"Let's not go to the movies tonight, Johnny; it's such a lovely evening. I feel like walking."

"O. K., Anne, we'll walk."

They passed the drugstore, where the high school crowd hung out. Sounds of Harry James' trumpet and careless young laughter mingled, drifting through the battered screen door into the cool summer night. Usually Anne and Johnny would go in and have a chocolate float and do a little rug-cutting themselves, but not tonight. This was Johnny's last night home; tomorrow morning at seven he left for Florida and the air corps.

They passed the new super-market with the black and chrome front that looked so out of place in this sedate little old town.

Anne thought, "I'll make believe this isn't his last night. He'll ask me to marry him. We're only kids. Mom and Dad call it puppy-love, but they're wrong."

They passed the town's one dry-goods store that had everything from hairpins and dishcloths to overshoes and armchairs. The old fashioned mannikins in the window seemed less ancient when the deepening twilight hid their grotesque features.

Johnny was thinking, "I've got to ask her tonight. The job that has to be done will be easier if I'm sure of Anne to come back to. Funny, I never thought it would be like this... Plans for college all knocked haywire."

Across the street arose the dark building that was the high school. The boy and girl



looked towards it at the same time—reminiscing.

"Jeepers, we had fun there," said Anne remembering Room 33—English 2, where she had first noticed Johnny because he was so quiet. During these last three years she found he did a lot of thinking about things and not much talking. Anne liked the strong, silent type. From then on they'd skied and skated, danced and dated together.

Johnny was saying, "Remember the day Miss Whitby stopped us in the hall and told us it didn't look nice to see the students holding hands—in fact it looked extremely silly?"

They both laughed, remembering. Anne sighed. Then she recalled the sad, impressive graduation only two months before. Naturally she and Johnny went together to the banquet and ball, Anne wearing on her shoulder a beautiful corsage of dark red rose-buds and white forget-me-nots. Only the faded petals remained now, reposing in a big scrapbook.

The little town lay behind them as they turned down a country lane. All around them the scent of clover and grass and dew was strong, and the crickets chreeped, chreeped, incessantly. A light breeze had sprung up

and it tossed a lock of the girl's hair across her forehead. Reaching up to brush it back, she knew, he was going to ask her now. At the movement, the boy stopped and turned towards her quickly.

"Anne, will you marry me?"

There, it was said at last. Anne knew suddenly what she would answer. She reached out and caught his hand as if to make him understand what she couldn't tell him.

"Johnny, you know how much I think of you, but we can't get married; not now anyway. I'm going to college this fall, and tomorrow you're leaving for an entirely new life. Let's wait a little while and see if we still feel the same way about each other."

Johnny held her hand tightly and said, "All right, Anne, if that's the way you want it."

They swung around then, and walked back through the town slowly, hands linked, not talking. They didn't know and wouldn't have cared, anyway, that the town busybody saw them pass under the street light and exclaimed, "These irresponsible high school children! It's disgraceful the way they run around the streets till all hours of the night."

A white house with a wide verandah was the girl's home. The picket fence along the front made it comfortable-looking. Under a summer sky filled with stars, the boy and girl stood by the gate and faced each other.

Anne glanced down and thought, "How many times I've played hop-scotch on this sidewalk." When she looked up, she saw the moon over Johnny's shoulder and felt the cool breeze lift her hair away from her neck and forehead. Then she had to look at Johnny's eyes; as she did, he pulled her to him and kissed her gently.

"I love you, Anne." His voice was husky.

She whispered softly, "'Night, Johnny.' She was gone; flying along the walk and up the steps—a slender girl with a crisp yellow dress, and long light brown hair swinging free in the summer moonlight.

The tall boy watched her go, then turned and walked away. The dust from the country lane had turned his once white saddle shoes grey; but the shoulders under the camel hair jacket were straight and strong. He knew, as all youth knows, that today has its hardships and loneliness, but tomorrow has a promise of peace—and Anne.

THAT FRENCH—OH LÀ LÀ!

By June Parker

Tomorrow in French class we're having a test,
Hélas, j'ai mal à la tête;
I know only ten verbs, fifteen at the best...
Ai-je peur? Oh, golly, you bet!

My home-work I've done in a half-hearted way,
Mais le professeur nous en donne trop.
What luck not to have been called on today,
Car le maître m'appellerait "sot"!

I wish that I hadn't this English to do;
"Macbeth" je ne peux pas comprendre.
And I've algebra home-work and chemistry, too....
Si l'horloge pouvait m'attendre!

I fidget and yawn as I look through the text;
Mon Dieu! il est déjà minuit.
My mind is confused and I feel quite perplexed,
For I've crammed tout ce que je puis.

Disjunctives, conjunctives, now are they the same?
Je ne rapelle pas du tout;
"Appeler" means "name" and also "to call",
Alors, je suis, done, au bout.

In bed I review all the rules about "y",
Cette grammaire est trop difficile,
I dream about adverbs and uses of "si",
Mon travail était inutile!

Next morning, I rise with a fog in my brain,
Vraiment, je suis malheureux;
I struggle to think of subjunctives in vain,
L'anglais j'aimerai toujours mieux!

At breakfast, oatmeal and French verbs just don't mix
Ensuite, je cours à l'école,
In the classroom I squirm, for I'm in quite a fix,
Un zéro ne sera pas drôle!

Slowly but surely the dread hour draws near;
Je me sens chaud mais aussi très froid,
The room's big and bare, the atmosphere's drear,
J'ai tout oublié, pauvre moi!

The minutes tick by, but no teacher appears,
Le maître, reste-il chez lui?
Welcome news! Do I dare to believe my ears?
Oh, il est malade aujourd'hui!

What goddess of fortune has favored me so?
Ma foi! ces nouvelles, sont-elles vraies?
I'll study tonight, then my mark won't be low,
Ah, je suis élevé et sauvé!

Excerpt from an Autobiography

By Barbara Conlin

allan simon 1943.



A ROCKY coast to the east, ragged pinnacles rising toward the blueness of clear, cloudless skies; to the west lay the sea, icy-cold, beckoning blue-greeness, wave upon wave dashing in upon the rocky shore; to the north lay the blueberry fields, warm and sunny.

That was Maine as I knew it for the quietest, most peaceful month of my life. That word "Maine", consequently, means much to me now. It means long days of lying in the sun, having it burn into my very soul, making ordinary anxieties fade, seem unimportant, by its very vitalness. It means long hours of swimming in the icy water, gliding smoothly through the blue-green depths of the ocean. It means long walks through the friendly countryside. It means cold, almost wintry nights with the stars clearer and brighter than ever before, and on those nights a warm, glowing fire in the length-of-the-room fireplace, as we, my family and I, heard the experiences of the natives of the little village, and of their fathers and grandfathers. It means seeing the sun rise over the rocks at dawn and sink slowly into the sea at dusk.

Nor can I forget the hours spent with my sisters in a little sailboat learning to sail, nor the time we went deep sea fishing with my father. We had three or four large fish behind

us on the deck when seagulls swooped down and lifted them before our very eyes. They carried them out of reach with triumphant shrieks, and devoured our lovely fish while we watched.

I remember, too, the storm during my last week in Maine. It was bitingly cold. The terrific wind blew the rain against the cabin drivingly; the sea crashed in upon the rocks, carrying bits of debris with it. The storm lasted two days, two days of wondering whether even the sturdily built little cabin could withstand the fierceness, the ugliness of the weather. After the storm, the sun broke through the cloudy sky, the sea was calm and quiet once more, and the air seemed to shine in its new freshness and cleanliness.

These are the thoughts that leap to my mind at the mention of Maine and if I should go back, ever, my only wish is that it will still hold the same excitement, the same delight that it held the first, wonderful time.

SPRING SNOW

By Sally Sessions

Through the night the soft snow falls,
In melting large-flaked glory.
High in the air a white voice calls,
The end of winter's story.

The deep-breathing earth lies locked in sleep;
Loud grows the voice, and certain
The white flakes whirl and swirl and leap,
A never-ending curtain.

The drifting stars lie cool and wet
Against my lifted face;
And trees are sheathed in clinging net
Of ermine-shaded lace.

Departing Winter's frost-edged shawl,
Lies over the quiet land.
All nature rests beneath the thrall,
Of her ice-jeweled hand.

Recipe for Living

By Gloria Goldsmith



I HAD always rejoiced in my cold sense of the practical and logical in living. Indeed, the greatest compliment I've received was an admiring acquaintance's, "Max, you are a cold-hearted realist." I took everything as it came and commented shrewdly on everything around me. I was a highly successful journalist, critic, and speaker.

Yes, I was highly successful. So successful, in fact, that at the age of thirty I was in a position to retire. I did not wish to lose contact with fame and glory, so I announced publicly that I was going to see the world and make a report on it—complete with statistics and maps.

The small bit of vagabondia buried in me caused me to travel incognito, not because I wanted to get a closer insight into the world, but because I felt it was the logical way to probe facts out of unwilling humans.

So I travelled over the world. In a year I had gleaned valuable information on conditions in China, Japan, and India. The next year I visited Russia, Germany, and England. For five years I wandered, learning the out-

ward aspects of life on this planet called "Earth."

A queer longing, however, began to take form inside of me. The more I wandered, the more evident it became that I was searching for something. Then suddenly, out of a seemingly clear sky, I realized I was utterly alone. I found I had no background. I discovered that housed in the shell of intellect I had built around me was a listless and empty human being.

Then, I began my search. One day, in the spring of the year, I chanced to stop in a small New England village. Something about the easy grace of the town held my interest. Since I was neither needed or wanted in any particular place, I arranged to stay in the town at one of the homes for an indefinite period.

Theirs was a simple way of living. My hosts owned the village grocery store, kept their own garden, made their own clothes, attended the town baseball games in summer, solicited funds for certain charities, and did a little reading. They preferred Lowell, Whitman and Frost to Tolstoi, Chekov, or James Joyce. Their desires were wholesome and attainable and they cared little about becoming famous.

One day their daughter Joyce invited me to accompany her on a walk. Although it was raining hard I was eager to go because this young, high school senior girl interested me. She was competent and possessed a certain well-known New England trait of knowing where she was headed and why. She had a deep love of beauty, ever present in her living from day to day. She was very wise and understanding for her youth, and I was anxious to know more about her.

March, 1943

We walked along in the falling rain. I seemed to inhale its vitality. I began to understand why it enabled seeds of life in the soul to prosper. I uttered a low cry of pure satisfaction at what I felt.

She stopped a moment to consider her words, then she said, "Mr. Barton, you are searching for a recipe for living, aren't you?"

I conveyed my shock at her keen insight and agreed haltingly.

"You seem like an intelligent person," she went on. "It should be obvious enough to you. Look around you."

I looked around me wondering what I would discover. I stared out into the fields and watched the falling rain merge into the soil. From this, there would come new life. It was as easy as that—a few drops of rain mixed with the earth and new life would result. How simple it seemed! There was no evidence of any complexity. Could it be that living was as simple as this?

I peered up into the eternal sky and then dropped my eyes to the horizon and saw the patient hills calmly observing nature. Nothing affected or offended their immobility and yet everything relied on and coincided with them. And there seemed no greater wonder in all the world.

"Joyce," I said in a low, excited voice, "I think I've found it. I think I am finding the things that you have always known and always loved. You have been lucky to know them without an ornamental covering of cynical sageness."

She didn't answer but sort of half-smiled and waited for me to continue.

"All my life has been the realization of one dream after another. My childish dreams of becoming a world-famous character were realized. I was a famous journalist with the world at my feet. I stunned the world with

my clear, cold conceptions of world conditions. I was, in truth, an intellectual genius.

"Strange, I didn't even think of considering the people in this world. I didn't think of working with them or being a part of them. I worked on them and preached to them.

"Now I am beginning to believe in people. I see them clearly for the first time. The whole, magnificent human race—struggling together, marching together, living together, and being human together. We are all of the earth, the rain, the trees, and the wind. These are our background. They are for all of us, so everyone must be merged into one pattern of this simple mold."

* * * * *

Perhaps I talked on, I do not remember now. But I have learned. My search is over. I've a few years left of living. A physical disability will not permit me to join the ranks overseas. But I have joined the ranks of the people—that is my victory. It is not only my victory because through this understanding will come the victory and salvation of all human beings.

My old acquaintances tell me I have changed from a cold-hearted realist to a warm-hearted idealist. I just sort of smile, in a patient way, and retort that I am merely living.

DEATH FROM THE SKIES

By Dorothy Warner

O, birds of prey, as you soar on
Above the clouds of gray,
What evil power urges you
To harm and kill today?

What causes you to bring such grief,
Such sorrow and such pain?
May God destroy you birds of prey—
All bomber aeroplanes.



LET'S TALK ABOUT THE THEATRE

By Francis Molloy



During vacation I spent some time in New York. What a ghastly sight is the dimmed-out Broadway! To the lover of bright lights, a pale Broadway is one of the mild horrors this war has brought about. But the lack of outside gaudiness and brilliancy does not offset the gaiety and vivacity of the show place of the world. New York is just as beautiful and enjoyable as in the sybaritic days of peace.

While there I spent most of my time in the theatre and saw such a variety of shows that a choice for review has been hard to make. Because I have written on drama, vaudeville and summer playhouses so far, I feel that in this issue I should review a musical play.

Therefore, I have chosen *Lady in the Dark*. This play, starring Gertrude Lawrence, returned to Broadway for the second time after a successful road tour. The play was written by Moss Hart; music by Kurt Weill; lyrics by Ira Gershwin.

Miss Lawrence, who is vice-president of the American Theatre Wing, Inc. of the Stage Door Canteens, has staged and appeared in more army performances than "any other star actress in the theatre." Her role in *Lady in the Dark* is one of the most difficult in her long career. I quote from the playbill—"she is required to sustain a serious, dramatic characterization which keeps her on the stage almost every moment of the play, and also requires her to make frequent transitions to a light mood, singing and dancing."

Miss Lawrence executes all the talents of musical comedy, drama, revue, and light comedy in this one play.

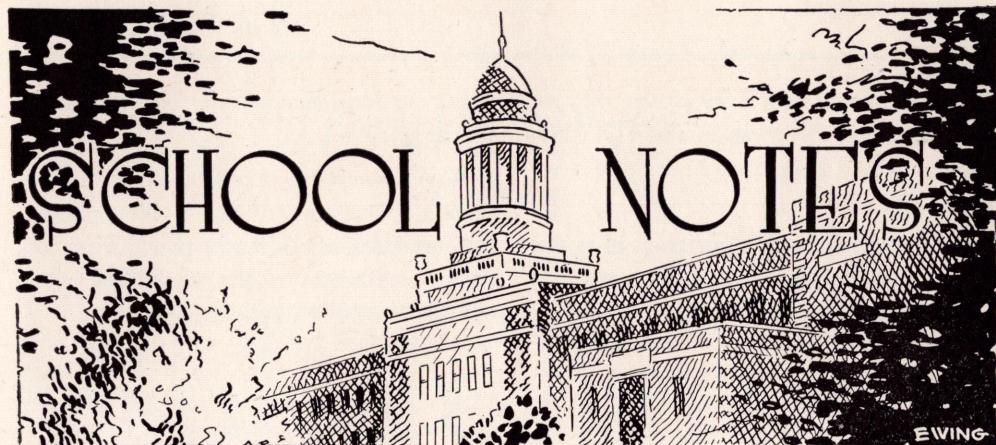
Because of the musical comedy insertions which occur in Liza Elliot's (G.L.) dream transitions, it is difficult to decide in which field she excels. As for musical comedy I should say she dances with much grace and skill and has a pleasant singing voice. As for drama, she has an expert speaking voice and excellent acting abilities.

Two members of the cast Richard Hale and John Leslie, it may be interesting to note, were operatic singers. Mr. Hale, who played Dr. Brooks, was the first man to sing the title role in Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice* in this country. He also has appeared with the Boston Symphony orchestra many times. Mr. Leslie (Kendall Nesbit) appeared on the stage for his first time with the famous Mme. Lillian Nordica in the opera *La Giocondo* in the opening attraction of the Boston Opera House.

Lady in the Dark will be screened with Ginger Rogers as the star; more suited to the part, I believe is Gertrude Lawrence. But that is only an opinion, for the movie has not yet been released. I shall see the film, however, and hope to confirm my predilection.

* * * * *

Note:—In the last issue I mentioned Dick Stabile and his orchestra. Unfortunately, the name appeared in the article as Stroblies. Sorry. F. M.



SENIOR NOTES

"Oh, aren't my pictures terrible!"

"They're not so bad—you should see mine!"

Such are some of the remarks heard in the classrooms, study halls, and corridors, by the seniors who glare at their proofs. Practically every Senior has had his or her picture taken. The deep sigh of relief which is heard around the school, is probably that of the chairman of the Senior Class Picture Committee, Patricia Hughes. Pat, together with her able committee, has done a splendid job.

Already these very pictures are beginning to be put together to form the Senior Yearbook. The shy and competent Bronislaw Morowski has been elected by the Senior Class Council as the editor-in-chief. As his sub-editors he has chosen:

Art, Eve Kleinhandler; Class History, June Parker; Photography, Roger Stuart; Activities, Francis Malloy; Class Will, Lois Dickett; Athletics, Jane Hearn, Richard Carpino; Statistics, Laura Easland; Tributes, Cornelia Harrigan; Who's Who and Prophecy, Robert Ferry, Jane Tabor.

The plans for the operetta "Yeomen of the Guard" are progressing rapidly, too. John Evans is the general chairman. He has appointed the following chairmen as his assistants:

Publicity, Edward George; Tickets, Delight Bullock; Program, Margaret Maloney;

Stage, Donald Gilbert; Doorman, Russell Bousquet; Ushers, Priscilla Musgrove.

JUNIOR NOTES

Oh, these gay Juniors who, such a short time ago, were innocent little Sophs and who, in such a short while, will be mighty Seniors! Having elected very capable class officers, the Juniors proceeded to elect a ring chairman who turned out to be Kenneth Dallmeyer. Aiding Ken on the committee will be Mary Ferranti, Joseph Coy, Eleanor Kornfeld, Bruno Zaffino, James Crossin, Marion May, Gordon Reynolds, Nancy Organ, Henry Williams, and Martha Smith.

The Class Good Will Committee was also formed with Isabel Scott as chairman. Others on the committee are Paul Skochinsky, Harold Bassett, Richard Del Gallo, Peter Soldato, Jennie Traversa, Grace Shelsy, Rose Salzrulo, Emma Zlatnick, William Palmer, Roland Kelly, Shirley Jarvie, Kathleen Connors, Jessie Mae Barnes, Carol Bailey, and Anita Camilli.

SEEN AND HEARD AROUND SCHOOL

Bob Boland seems to be a very clever artist. In case you didn't know it, he's the one who draws many of the posters for dances, etc. Incidentally, he looks like an artist with that long, red hair.

Someday someone will smash that little camera Dick Coulter carries around with him (we hope.) The sooner the better.

The Juniors have a very clever way of attacking Algebra Departmentals (?) (?) Maybe Seniors could have passed ours too, if we had thought sooner!

We sit night after night, racking our brains for gossip about our Senior classmates, and we had to dig deep for the results we have unearthed.

Is it Laura Easland we see escorted everywhere by a curly-headed blonde or is that just our imagination? No, on second thought, it's not imagination at all.

The Juniors, Sophomores and Seniors are mingling at last. We saw Bunny Cozzio with —was it two or three? No! it was four boys!! before fifth period. We'll make the halls wider, Bunny, so you can all line up. We were told, however, that some changes are being made.

We know how Dante Barzottini filled in his class statistics all the way down the list of girls. That's not fair, Barzie, you know Bette isn't shy. You could have left that blank at least.

Every day before first period Carolyn Castle stands outside 206 and it's not to see Miss Kaliher. We're sorry, Miss Kaliher, but you shouldn't make your tests so hard.

June McClintock looks for mail every day from R. P. I. and it's not from the naval aviation cadets over there.

Dot Gordon thinks she's going to be a nurse when she graduates. Lucky girl, to think that she *will* graduate. We're not sure that *we* shall.

Why does Virginia Stafford turn red, white, and blue when someone sings the Marine Hymn?

Beware! From now on, we are reading all the private mail from army camps that we can get our hands on in order to glean interesting information for this column. We have

to get our ideas somewhere. No one tells us anything.

Won't someone stop Dot Brennan from singing "Anchors Aweigh"? Never mind, Dot, we think the Navy is pretty nice, too, except we'll settle for the whole darn thing, not just one sailor in particular.

Hey, who's the clever person who put La Forrest Smith down for the prettiest girl in Class Statistics? Since when have G. I. haircuts been pretty? Or is that something else we haven't been let in on?

It was good to see Delight Bullock beaming again! How come? Don was home on leave!

Note: We hope the people mentioned above will be merciful. We have to write about someone, you know.

Are there vague rumors of bribery about the halls of P. H. S., or did someone merely misunderstand Tom Fehily's act of trying to pay Miss Kaliher ten dollars? Anyway, Miss Kaliher's third period class could tell you. It seems that Tom was *positive* something was so, and Miss Kaliher was equally positive it was not, to the tune of ten dollars.

On March 12 a special assembly was held at which a Minute Man flag was presented to the school for having attained ninety percent in the sale of war bonds and stamps for February. Joe Boudreau, President of the Senior Class, introduced the speaker, Joshua Alperin, whose speech was based on his experiences with the Nazis in Germany. The band played various selections which also helped emphasize the necessity of achieving the same goal for March and the rest of the school year. Let's pitch in our dimes and quarters and keep this flag flying!

"It's the Style"

By June Ravage

GATHER round all ye damsels who have had the perseverance to stick to your diets and exercises for the past few weeks, and you shall see how well the neat, new, slim lines of this year's suits will conform with your refound waistlines and reduced hips.

Suits, suits, SUITS. If we shouted it from the housetops it would be impossible to impress you enough with the important place they are going to take in your everyday life. Pleats in profusion are out for the duration, but once you reconcile yourself to this fact, you will be surprised to see how attractive you will find the single kick pleat and even the entirely pleatless models.

As for the jackets, it is very plain to see where they have been cut. It is safe to say that many are from four to six inches shorter than last year's; but again, the more you look at them, the more you like them. Up to this point the lines have been rather straight and on the masculine side, but wait!

This year instead of our beloved and strictly tailored blouse, we are substituting an equally lovable frou-frou, bow, or ruffled neck line. Back to ruffled neck lines and frou-frous. They can be had in dickie as well as blouse form, and in that way you can afford to have many more changes. Get one blouse, though, as you will want to remove your jacket at times.

There is no special color or material being featured for suits this year, so just take your pick. There are new rayon-wool fabrics, smart gabardines, and of course one hundred per cent pure wool—when we can get it. Patterns range anywhere from monotone tweeds to multi-colored checks, and there are colors galore. Speaking of checks, and they do seem to be getting a little more attention than some other things, there is nothing neater

and more flattering than a well tailored, finely checked suit.

Sometimes additional material to match your suit can be bought in the store where your original purchase was made, and if so, it affords you an opportunity to have a matching hat and purse made. Or, if you're clever, you can whip them up yourself. There are plenty of patterns on the market right now for hats and purses, and these patterns are all accompanied by very explicit directions. Many suit manufacturers are now also making matching topcoats to accompany their suits.

Coupon number "17". Most of the female high school crowd seem to be hanging onto this coupon in order to purchase a pair of new spring dress shoes. Don't, for heaven's sakes, buy some spike heels that will cramp your feet after walking only one or two blocks. For not only will you regret the purchase, but, due to your reactions (which are natural when feet hurt), everyone around you will regret it too. You needn't be ashamed to get a good sensible pair of walking shoes, because you will not be the only one who will have given up frivolous footwear for the duration. It will be not only a patriotic gesture but also a foot saving one.

So remember, it's the style to cultivate that new slim appearance with the added feminine touch.

SMILE! SMILE! SMILE!

Dig up the dollars that mean VICTORY,
And smile, smile, smile!
It's a small price to pay for LIBERTY!
Smile, boys! That's the style!
Just buy War Bonds every month,—
Get interest all the while;
So! Dig up the dollars for our Uncle Sam,
And SMILE! SMILE! SMILE!



Front Row—Garivaltis, Boudreau, Marmorek, Arlos, Bornak, Brown, Melledo, Hunt, Race.
Second Row—McKee Kraeer, Ricci, Spelios, Pete Giftos, Dimar, Ginsburg, Robinson, Gilety Skowronski, Polidoro (Manager).

LEE DOWNED, P. H. S. CROWNED

By Richard Carpino

It's all over but the cheering!

Captain Norm Bornak carried with a high hand his leadership of a great hoop squad in an exciting, adventurous, undeniably successful basketball campaign unprecedented in greatness since away back.

Especially on the night of March 17, at the State Armory did the P. H. S. captain lead his team (gathering ten points himself) in the now or never struggle against Lee (Southern Berkshire champs) for the Berkshire County Basketball championship.

An enemy hoopster grabbed the ball as it bounced from the fingers of the "jump-it-up" team-centers and snared a single two point score lead for Lee. Captain Bornak spurred to the cause of his men by pivoting from the foul line to even the score. In further retaliation, Lee gathered three dittoes; however, slippery and smart "Junie" Race dribble-sneaked toward the net and dead set the globe just before Bornak used a free try faultlessly to level the first round honors at five points.

Browning substituted for his captain during the second period and obtained as many netters as Lee and six of the seven P. H. S. gatherings.

The black and orange jerseymen took an early third phase pace-setter 14-12, but

"Bob" Mormorak followed up a free-toss folly and evened the score. "Jim" Garivaltis grabbed the ball off the bank-board to place P. H. S. in front once again. A ten point offensive thrust by the purple and white court-five followed the Garivaltis tie-breaker. Lee matched the P. H. S. onslaught with two-foul line free flings.

With Lee on the bad end of a 26-16 score, play was resumed in the last scene of the struggle. The P. H. S. five remained in an offensive frame of motion and loosed a victory assuring onslaught that was good for thirteen story-tellers as well for allowing only five chalk marks to be scratched in favor of the badly battered opponents.

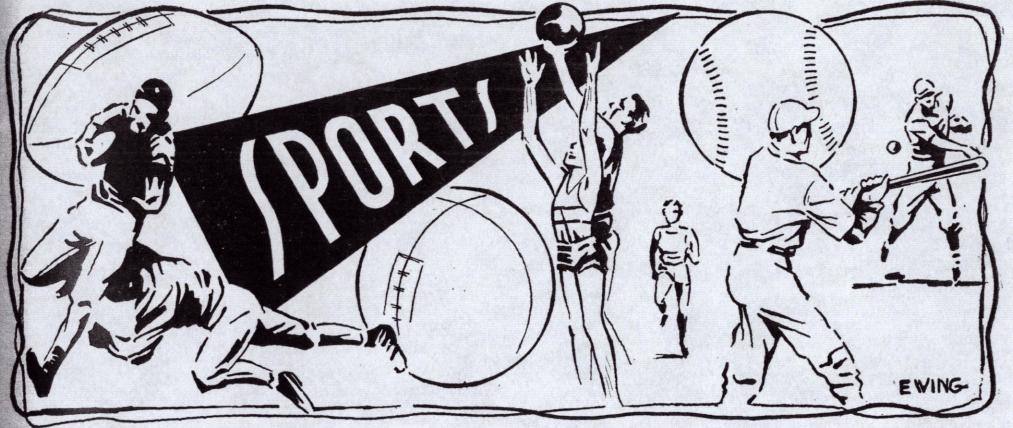
Lee High staged a valiant "die hard" resistance and has indeed "won the golden opinion" of P. H. S. as being true, able championship challengers.

Congratulations to the coach of the champions, to Captain Norm Bornak, and individually, to the champions—each hoopster a swell American sport of a real American sport.

IN QUEST FOR THE RED CROSS

By Richard Carpino

At the Pittsfield State Armory on the night of March 13, a Connecticut Valley five, arranged in a black and red battle-suit, and ready to defend the basketball honors of



Westfield, "hawked at" the practically defeatless record of the P. H. S. net-quintet. P. H. S. was "up and at 'em" to give a volley-warm reception to the onsetting invader (noticed by the final score-reading of 31-28).

Diminutive but dandy "Junny" Race gave the first victory toss wings early in the engagement but a Westfieldener was wounded (fouled) and the victim made use of the free fling. Boudreau corner pivoted, Mormorak tossed an over-head broadside, and Captain Norm used a Boudreau pass successfully before the foe had scarcely noticed the net from within the foul line (thanks to "Bob" Mormorak's superb defending ability). The enemy, however, sneaked through two floor throws, one on a first play against "Bob" and the other on a lay-up shot. The respective squads grabbed a free chance tally and the opening scene climaxed.

During the second frame, Race and Boudreau fetched a couple of points apiece, but the foe did likewise in addition to the attaining of a two-sum from the foul line.

As the next half began, Mormorak "tread too close on the heels" of an enemy hoopster and the score was knotted, 13-everybody. Westfield then gave our captain reason for using two free chances without folly. Westfield later tied the markers at eighteen points, but a center pivot by Mormorak started a fine offensive onslaught by P. H. S. during which Race scrambled across the court-length and scored, "Jim" Garivaltis dribbled the same distance, shot to Race for two more chalkers, and Garivaltis took it himself on a tally-taking long toss. On the claim of a Garivaltis bad deed, one ditto was scored against P. H. S. by a hostile hoopster.

Slight pause—then, the fourth quarter.

After Boudreau submerged the global pigskin in the net, the opposition remained unreligated in procuring seven victory-vain points (except for a Garivaltis foul shot). Race returned to his offensive standard and

displayed some clever, elusive dribble-play to net the final score of the basketball battle.

Both squads were triumphant in fighting for the cause of the Red Cross, in kindling the bright, radiant, must-be ever glowing flame of the torch that signifies: "Never mind your name, nationality, or creed; where're you hurt?"

P.H.S. ENDS LEE STREAK, 42-35

By William Zalenski

On the night of March 3, P. H. S. handed scrappy but undermanned Lee quintet its first defeat in twenty-five games by winning the opening contest of the playoffs by a score of 42-35. In order to do so, however, they had to rally in the last few minutes as Lee never gave up and refused to be awed at the local's reputation.

The Lee High gymnasium was packed for the contest and the fans were given a real treat as the contest was nip and tuck until the powerful Stewartmen opened up on a weary Lee five.

P. H. S. played without the services of Captain Norm. Bornak and it was just as well for Lee, for Pittsfield missed a great many shots from in close, the kind that Norm "eats up".

Lee led at halftime 16-14 and they clung to that two point lead during the third quarter and early stages of the fourth, but after Race sunk a basket on a jump-ball play to put P. H. S. ahead 34-33 Lee did not have a chance. Thus, Pittsfield pulled away to the final score of 42-35.

The entire P. H. S. team aided substantially in the victory. Race and Boudreau led the scorers with thirteen and eight points respectively but it was Jimmy Garivaltis who set up the plays. He had six assists.

March, 1943

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The contest was witnessed by a capacity crowd of about 1900, including a large delegation from Adams, despite the fact that on the same night "the best tunes of all moved to Carnegie Hall." Before the night was over a great many of the Adams rooters probably wished they had stayed home and listened to those tunes because, except for a brief space early in the second period, Adams was never in the game.

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In the third and fourth quarters the Adams fans watched their heroes being slowly submerged. Finally, after the score had reached 28-12, Adams, sparked by Romaniak, rallied for eight straight points, but it might be noted that Garivaltis had been withdrawn from the lineup during that splurge. With two minutes to go Adams had cut the lead to 29-21, and Garivaltis came

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COMPLETE CAPITULATION

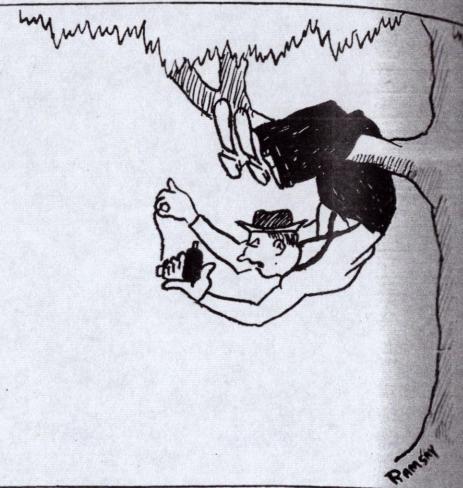
By Richard Carpino

The tale anew—P. H. S. vs. St. Joe. With the unfurling of the purple and white banner of P. H. S. and the purple and gold flag of St. Joe above the same basketball battle-court, the hatchet was dug up and hostilities commenced with the shrieking, shrill note of the trumpeter's horn (whistle of the "ref"). The battle cries of the respective troop rooters singed the air and shook the very ramparts of the building (maybe).

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WHO'S WHO



PETITE POSTER PAINTER

Have you ever seen an advertising poster and wondered who ever drew a poster like that? Well, we have a future poster painter roaming our own corridors—petite and talented Eve Kleinhandler, whose artistry has covered many STUDENT'S PENS. She has been appointed editor of the art department for the Yearbook.

Eve's nimble fingers also play that low and rather mournful cello for the High School orchestra.

Eve hopes to study art in college, and we're sure that she will not fail in her attempt to become a successful advertising artist.



EVE KLEINHANDLER

ENGLISHMAN

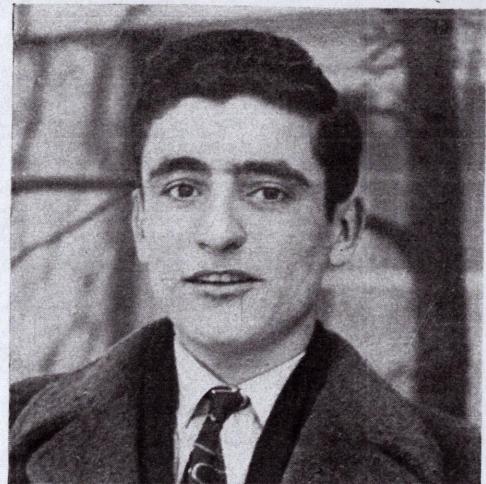
That sophomore with the English accent is Allan Simon. He arrived in America in 1939 and is still trying to become accustomed to such things as snow. Allan's chief hobby is drawing. He teaches an art class for children at the Museum and draws for THE PEN. Allan is also a member of the Debating Club and finds time, in addition, to listen to music. He hopes, after graduating from P. H. S., to attend an art school in New York. We shall be looking for your work in magazines and exhibits a few years hence, Allan.



ALLAN SIMON

JACK-O-ALL-TRADES

Boys and girls, here we present Frank Barreca, the most versatile of the P. H. S. seniors. But versatile is hardly the word to describe this talented fellow. He sings, dances, is an accomplished pianist (especially with the "ole boogy-woogy"), acts and writes. Frank plays the part of the jester in "Yeoman of the Guard", is a member of Senior Hi-Y, sings in the A Capella Choir, has a lead in the Hi-Y play, and is an active member of the radio class. We feel certain that Frank will be a great success in his chosen vocation.



FRANK BARRECA

SONG BIRD

This popular miss has the role of Dame Carruthers, the housekeeper of the tower, in this year's "Yeomen of the Guard." Well-known and well-liked for her spontaneous wit and charming smile, Phyllis embarks on her second role in Gilbert and Sullivan. Although she has been suffering from a severe cold lately, we are sure that such a voice as hers will not be impaired. Good luck, Phyllis!



PHYLLIS COOLEY

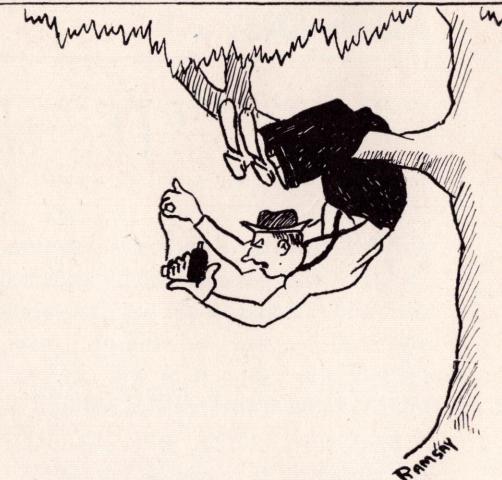
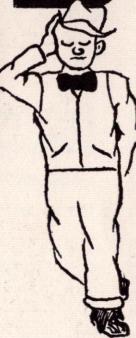
HUMORIST—JEAN PEIRSON

Perhaps you are wondering why Jean's picture has appeared twice in "Who's Who." Well, as anyone could well see, the first picture was most unjust and unflattering of so charming a person as our Humor Editor. Therefore, THE PEN staff, in order to have a clear conscience, decided that the only right thing to do was to present Jean as she really is. So here, boys and girls, is the true Jean Peirson. Quite an improvement on the picture in the November PEN, don't you think so? (Now you can sleep without nightmares, Jean!)



JEAN PEIRSON

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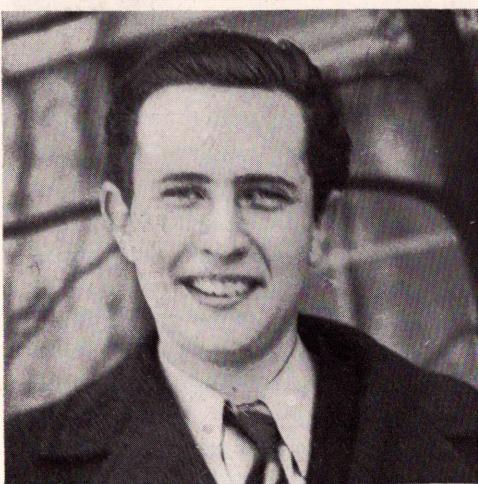
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ALLAN SIMON

March, 1943

21

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By William Zalenski

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and White, except for one unattained point (P. H. S. scored nine, St. Joe made eight points). The captains of the respective squads came through on two floor tries.

Action was dying away as the parochial squad began to sense defeat in the wind. Some excitement was aroused on the dual crash of P. H. S. Joe Boudreau and Captain "Dick" Powers of St. Joe, along with the event that Bornak was slammed across the arms. Only six points (adding the gains of both squads) were stored away during the final stage, Captain Bornak accomplished a three point achievement for his five, while Captain Powers and Woitchowski scored for St. Joe.

Although the parochial quintet managed to keep pace with Pittsfield High during the last half, P. H. S. netted its victory in the opening half of the encounter and St. Joe's attempts to dismount the P. H. S. high perch were fruitless.

ST. JOSEPH'S (NA) SUBDUED, 49-31

By William Zalenski

On the night of January 22, the basketball warriors of P. H. S. met St. Joseph's of North Adams in the Tunnel City and defeated them by a margin of eighteen points. It was their fourth straight win, and it kept them in first place.

The squad had to travel to North Adams on the regular bus line because of an ODT ruling, and many of the players felt rather chilly as they took the floor due to the dampness in the bus. Evidently feeling that they needed something to warm them up, the P. H. S. athletes scored at the rate of two points a minute in the first quarter and thus led at its conclusion, 16-6.

In the second and third periods St. Joe's rallied and cut into the lead noticeably. For a short time P. H. S. was on the ropes but they managed to hold on to their lead by two points at the third quarter's end, the score being 30-28.

The frenzy displayed by the scant gathering of St. Joseph's rooters had reached a very high pitch while their team was rallying; and even when P. H. S. increased the lead to 37-30 with but four minutes remaining, they were still enthusiastic. But an exhibition of sharp-shooting was then given by Rodney Brown, and St. Joe cohorts lost all hope of victory. He dropped in five consecutive long range baskets, and when the final whistle blew the scoreboard read: Pittsfield 49, St. Joseph's (NA) 31.

The P. H. S. quintet functioned smoothly and three men went into double figures. Bob Marmorek had thirteen points, Brown eleven, and the veteran Joe Boudreau scored ten points and intercepted countless St. Joe passes. Good floor games were turned in by these players and by "Junie" Race and Jimmy (I held Romaniak to three points) Garivaltis.

P. H. S. WINS IN THE AFTERNOON, TOO

By Donald Morey

This season, the Pittsfield High basketball septet (there are seven regulars) apparently likes to meet its foes the second time better than the first. This attitude has held up except for the second Williamstown debacle. It might have been the fact that it was an afternoon contest that bothered the Benningtonites. Then, again, the secret of stopping the Vermonters may be to stop Murphy, if only for a half.

At any rate Pittsfield High's hoop men had very little difficulty in defeating Bennington High 45 to 33, at the Armory on the afternoon of January 28.

Bennington did not look like the team which came to within two points of P. H. S. earlier in the season, or a team that is second from the top in league standings. However, Coach Stewart's students of the court game were as perfect as a championship team is required to be.

The heavy scoring of Captain Norm Bor-

March, 1943

nak and Junie Race helped to keep the lead in Pittsfield's possession all the way. Bornak accounted for thirteen points and Race for ten. Every P. H. S. player had an active part in the victory which elevated the team to undisputed possession of first place.

Jerry Murphy, Bennington's chief threat, was held long enough for his team to fall far behind. He did, however, come through in the waning moments and took scoring honors with sixteen points.

P. H. S. DEFEATS DALTON, 38-22

By William Zalenski

Pittsfield High's basketball warriors gained revenge for an early season defeat by handing Dalton a convincing 38-22 thrashing in a league game played in the Papertown.

The game started off slowly and in the first two quarters little scoring was done, but of the points scored P. H. S. tallied fifteen and Dalton a mere six.

In the early part of the third quarter P. H. S. pulled away into a huge lead, but a few accurate long shots put Dalton back into the game for a time. However, the Stewartmen then put on the power and won.

P. H. S. functioned smoothly throughout and pulled a number of fine plays. "Junie" Race with nine and Jimmy Garivaltis with eight led Pittsfield in point production.

HART OF WILLIAMSTOWN AGAINST

P. H. S. VICTORY

By Richard Carpinio

The upset settled so suddenly that the P. H. S. rooters can still notice little tiny ink spots dancing in co-ordinated fancy before their basketball eyes.

With eyes a-bulging, the P. H. S. cheer section watched Captain "Norm" "throw away the scabbard" and meet a snappy, scrappy, root-toot-accurate shootin' tally-taker of Williamstown in a net sinking duel in which Hart grabbed twelve markers and Bornak ten, before the first scene terminated.

The second phase of the engagement was entirely Williamstown-ish with P. H. S. suffering by a 25-19 score.

P. H. S. struggled in defiance against the enemy's repeated scorings and attained the satisfaction of entangling the score twice, 29-up and 32 chalkers for all. Lanky "Pete" Arlos put P. H. S. ahead and renewed the vigor in the cheers of the P. H. S. backer-uppers, but the clamor died away to murmurs of disappointment as Williamstown rolled on victoriously to gain six points that meant a setback for the purple and white jerseymen, 38-34.

P. H. S. OUTCLASSES DRURY

By Donald Morey

On Friday, February 5, at the Drury High gymnasium in North Adams, the people of the Tunnel City watched Coach Charles E. Stewart's championship-bound giants thoroughly trounce the home forces of Drury.

Despite the absence of its able forward, Junie Race, who missed the bus, Pittsfield High's basketball combine, led by Captain Norman Bornak and Rod Brown, took a 37 to 23 decision with ease. There was little doubt of the outcome as early as the second quarter. Most of the scoring occurred in the first half with the score at intermission being 26 to 12. Bornak and Brown did practically all the scoring, Norm making eighteen points and Rod eleven, the latter scoring all his points in the first half. LeSage and Ziter with eight and six points, respectively, were the lone hopes for Drury.

Pittsfield exhibited its mastery at passing from the very outset to the final whistle. It's lineup, which averaged six feet to a player, controlled the ball throughout. It would have been a complete rout had luck prevailed at all for the Stewartmen. I believe P. H. S. threw as many shots in the second half as the first, but that hoop just wouldn't allow passage.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Jayne Hearn

How quickly time flies! There is so much to tell you of our female species' activities in sports—I don't know just where to begin!

First of all, let's turn back the calendar pages to the month of January and pause to review the news!

As soon as the Christmas holidays were over, our gymnasium work again settled into its regular routine. Upset by the enthusiasm of part-time workers who were getting their exercises "tramping the aisles", the Shawn class was disbanded. It soon commenced once more and passers-by could hear the spasmodic music of the piano—for it would patiently mark the rhythm of the dancers as they practiced their steps, led by Miss McLaughlin.

Victory seems indeed to be the password of the Seniors as they won the Volleyball tournament! These girls certainly deserve much credit as they "banged" their way to first place. On the team: Dorothy Mychyn, Alvera Bianchi, Eleanor Madden, Elvera Gentile, Amy Bullett, Elaine Sherman, Yvonne Carmel, Ruth Leahy, and Pauline Volk.

The Juniors were represented by: Madeline Cullen, Agnes Eulian, Helen Beauchemin, Evelyn Zuorski, Shirley Turner, Santina Zofrea, Rosemary Naughton, Marion Para, and Madeline Seamons.

Upholding the Sophomore team were: Velma Merletto, Therese Cullen, Sacardia Morowsk, Lois Shipton, Jean Nesbit, Eleanor Farrel, Lois Brown, Doris Lay, Carmelina Monterossa, and Constance Gomes.

The Physical Fitness Class held together, as practically everyone met to keep up those "beautifying" exercises. Climbing ropes, balancing, and many other stunts were added to the program. Everyone really liked it!

And so the January days were marked off

on the calendar—now, let's turn to February and our present days in March:

Now perhaps you will understand why I emphasized "liked" it, in regard to Physical Fitness. As time passed, the work evidently was too much for some of the girls, and because of the decrease in participants, the class was brought to an end.

Basketball has begun!! Hurrah!! Excuse my exuberance, folks, but perhaps many of you share my joy?? The Seniors who "turned out" were few, but the Juniors and Sophomores seem to overrun the place. Apparently—they have been inspired by the wonderful show our boys have exhibited in basketball, and thus wish to not only learn more of the sport, but take part and teach themselves how to manipulate a basket, or serve as guards. However, we are now practicing. All of you fans of this sport—get in the game!! Try out and make a team!!

Strikes, spares, and high scores are the style as bowling becomes the mode. How's your score?

Here, girls, it may be wise to mention something we overheard Miss McNaughton say. A word of warning to the Juniors and Seniors! Don't become too sure of yourselves—for, the "Sophs are coming up!" Who knows what will happen?

In conclusion, let me say:

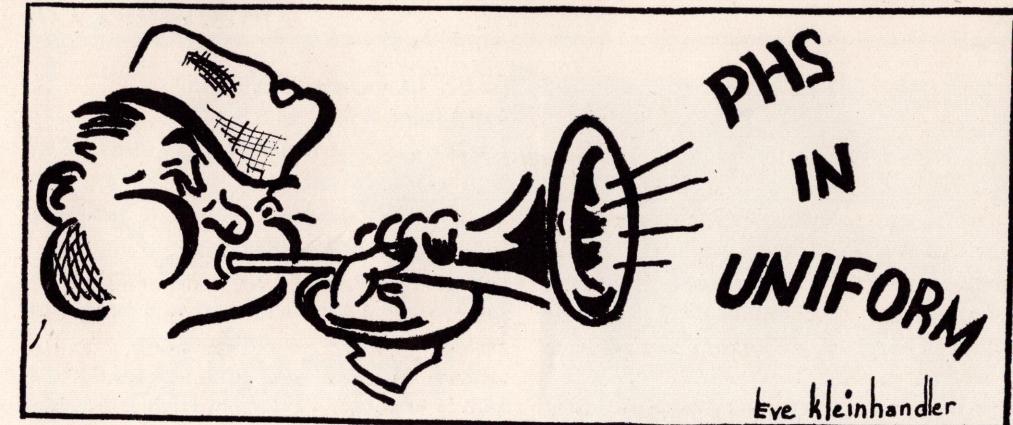
"Health is gained by active sport,
So let the gym be your home port."

"May I spend the evening with you?"

"No, you can't."

"Oh, I don't mean this evening, I mean some other time when it's stormy and I can't go anywhere else."

Detour—roughest distance between two points.



From one of our graduates in uniform comes the following letter, which we are sure contains valuable suggestions to boys now in school:

We did have fun in High School and we sure did learn a great many things. How I wish now, that I had paid stricter attention to what I could have learned and did not learn!

I should like to pass this advice on to all fellows in High School, and all fellows going into High School: if you don't take another thing in High School, be sure, above all, to take all the Math. you possibly can. Study it and learn all you can about it. Take as many different Mathematics courses as the High School offers. Understand Mathematics thoroughly.

Without Math., I should have been lost as far as being an officer is concerned. Many fellows flunked O.C.S. because they couldn't or never did take up Math. I had only what Math. I studied in High School, but I am thankful I had that much. No one realizes how much you use Math. in the Army . . . especially in the Coast and Field Artillery.

I wish I could talk to the whole High School student body some day, then I'd really tell them what has been on my mind for a long while. The last four or five years, there has been a great tendency for boys to take the easiest subjects they can just so they will

have enough points to graduate. But the day will come when they will be sorry.

I never went to college as most of the men who went to O.C.S. did, but I was fortunate in that I had had Math. and because I used to debate! As a result of debating, I never did feel self-conscious about facing two or three hundred men and giving them Drill or other orders. I treat my men and Non-commissioned Officers as fairly as I know how. As a result, I have a pretty good outfit. At least, I think I have. . . Strictly Army!

P.F.C. STEPHEN HELSTOWSKI, U.S.M.

P.F.C. Stephen Helstowski, better known to us as "Star" is serving his country with the U. S. Marines, in the Solomons. A graduate of P. H. S. in 1939, Pvt. Helstowski obtained the name "Star" for his outstanding ability in all sports. After being in combat duty against the Japs, "Star" contracted tropical fever and is now in an army hospital in the South Pacific. It is needless to say that he is living up to his nickname "Star".

PVT. FRANK MONAHAN, U.S.A.

Here he is girls, Pvt. Frank Monahan Pittsfield High's outstanding basketball player, and a graduate of 1940 is serving his country with the U. S. Army. He is stationed in Oklahoma.



Official U. S. Navy Photograph.

NAVAL AVIATION CADET

BRUCE GOEWY

Naval Aviation Cadet Bruce Anderson Goewey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Goewey, 65 Bartlett Ave., Pittsfield, Mass., has been transferred to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Fla., after successful completion of the primary flight training at Squantum, Massachusetts.

After three months of advanced flight training as a Naval Aviator, Cadet Goewey will pin on his wings as a Ensign in the Naval Reserve, or Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Cadet Goewey was graduated from the Pittsfield High School and received his B.A. degree from Colgate Univ. in June of 1942. Goewey completed primary and secondary CPT training before entering the Naval Air Corps. He had previous military training at Fort Devens. He was formerly employed by the Eastman Kodak Co. His father served as Lt. Inf. during World War I.

Cadet Goewey's fraternity is Phi Gamma Delta.

LIEUT. LAWRENCE RYAN AND
PVT. JOHN RYAN, U.S.A.

Here's double trouble for the Axis. Two brothers, Lawrence and John Ryan, both graduates of our Alma Mater, are now serving in the armed forces.

Larry, class of '36, after attending O.C.S. has become a 1st Lieutenant and is now on maneuvers in the California desert.

John left early this month and his destination is unknown. Pittsfield High is honored to have these boys among our P. H. S. in Uniform.

P.F.C. JOSEPH A. BARILE, U.S.A.

P.F.C. Joseph A. Barile a graduate of good old P. H. S. in Jan., 1939, a member of the ground crew in the Army Air Corps is stationed at Turner Field in Georgia. This edition will probably be sent to "Joe" and all that we students of P. H. S. can say is, "Keep up the good work, Joe."

APPRENTICE SEAMAN
JOSEPH CONDRON, U.S.N.

Joe Condon, popular musician and wit of the Class of '42, is now serving his country in the United States Navy. Joe is stationed at the Naval Training Base at Newport, R. I.

PETE WARREN, U.S.M.

Unknown destination, that is what we know about Pete Warren. A graduate of this school in June 1941 Pete served with the U.S. Marines at Guadalcanal and after receiving leg injuries returned to the U.S. Wherever he goes, you can be sure there will be action. More boys like him, that is what this country needs.

DUANE CLARK, U.S.A.

Among the members of the Signal Branch of the Army Air Force is Duane Clark, a graduate of P. H. S. in 1938. Duane is stationed in Chicago, ready to do his part to win this war.



Alumni Notes

Ann Nugent '42 has been pledged to Kappa Gamma Sorority at Massachusetts State College.

Leon Lipschitz '42, a student at Clark University, has been initiated into Alpha Epsilon Pi fraternity.

Ruth White '42 is a freshman at Mary Washington College in Virginia.

Palma Passero '41 is enrolled at Good Counsel College, White Plains, N. Y.

Stephen O'Connell '41 is a student at Babson Institute of Business Administration, Babson Park.

Henry Rosenthal, a sophomore at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., is in Phi Delta Phi fraternity; while Gerson Rosenthal, a member of the Dartmouth College ski team, will graduate in April.

Esther Green '42 is a freshman at North Adams State Teachers' College.

Albert Wing, a junior at Brown University, is one of the ten members of the Brown Glee Club who have been awarded Glee Club keys for three years service in the club.

Bruce Hainsworth has been appointed editor of "Tech News", Worcester Polytechnic Institute paper. He is a junior in college and is also president of the Debating Society. He holds membership in the Aero Club and Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity. Bruce was recently elected to Tau Beta Pi, the national honor society.

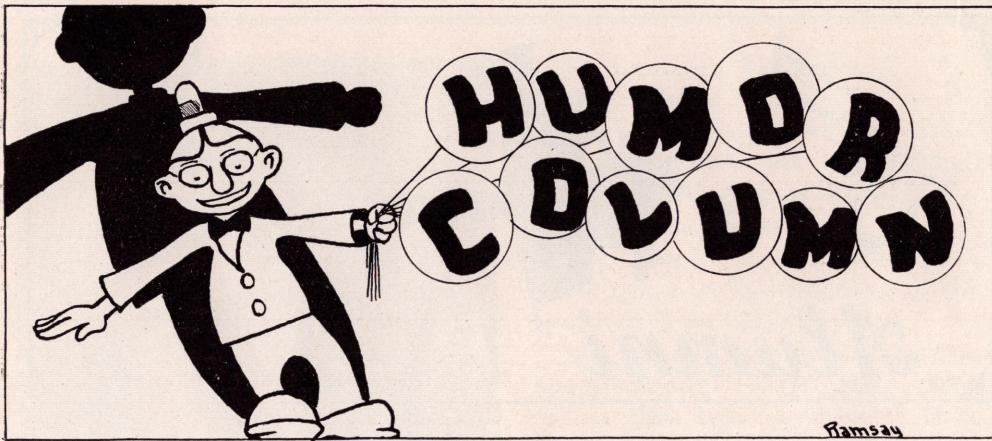
Robert Hurley is a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity at Tufts College where he is taking a Civil Engineering Course.

At the University of Vermont, Marjorie Wallin has been pledged to Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. Alice Cohen, a freshman, has been pledged to the Delta Phi Epsilon sorority. A member of the Goodrich Classical Club, Margaret Fiske, took part in a recent presentation of "The Captives", a play by Plantus.

Already the vice president of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity, Robert E. Cranston has been elected to Tau Beta Pi, a national honorary society for men of excellent scholastic standing in engineering.

Helen Hayes, who is studying nursing and liberal arts at the College of St. Theresa, was on the Honor Roll. She is secretary of the sophomore class and vice-president of the Nursing Club.

Since the first of February, we have missed many seniors who have left us to benefit by the accelerated college programs. Among them are Edward Eagan, Meredith Read and Lee Smith, who now think that Miss Kalisher's tests are a "cinch" compared to those at R. P. I.; Janet Lindley who is studying at the University of Cincinnati; Peggy Ann Keeney, who is making life at Boston University merry, and Frank Di Paul, who is looking back to Mr. Leahy's chemistry class from Penn State.



Teacher: "What would you do to Hitler if you could get hold of him?"

Bob Marmorak: "Just set him loose in Brooklyn or the Bronx—that would be the end of him."

Mr. Carey: "There will be only a half-day of school this morning."

Noisy soph: "Yippee!"

Mr. Carey: "Quiet. We'll have the other half this afternoon."

Teacher: "A peculiar thing about the English is the fact that they drink tea out of bowls."

Magner (aside): "Well, Americans drink coke out of doors."

Tom Fehily: "You don't need to worry any more about that dollar I owe you."

Bill Milton: "Why, are you going to pay me?"

Tom Fehily: "No, but it's silly for both of us to worry about it."

Teacher: "What is a comet?"

Student: "A star with a tail."

Teacher: "That's right. Can you name one?"

Student: "Mickey mouse."

Barbara: "That's a pretty coat, but isn't it rather loud?"

Lois: "Yes, but I always wear a muffler with it."

Proud parent: "I understand my son is getting to be very dependable."

Harassed teacher: "Yes, you can always depend on him not to do his homework."

Mr. Gorman: "By the way, what's the definition of an operetta?"

Dumb Student: "An operetta is a girl who works for the telephone company."

Lois (discussing a coming party): "I'm not sure whether or not I want to go to Mary's party."

Margaret: "I'm not sure either but think how pleased she'd be if we didn't go."

Miss Kaliher: "Now, if I subtract 360 from 49.5, what's the difference?"

Math Student: "That's what I say—who cares?"

1st Student: "Boy, did you ever see a suit like this?"

2nd Student: "Yeah, with ninety-eight pounds of flour in it."

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